

A Special Goodbye

by Arrabella Arithmancy

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-09 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-09 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:29:03

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 506

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A sad story, but well worth your time. My personal favorite.

A Special Goodbye

A Special Goodbye

Hogwarts was mourning. Albus Dumbledore, the greatest wizard of their time, the only one Voldemort was afraid of, had passed away 10 minutes ago. He had been ill for many weeks, and everyone had known that he would not make it. Professor McGonagall, her voice choked with emotion, had made this announcement over the loudspeaker:

"Teachers and students of Hogwarts. I am sad to announce the passing away of our headmaster, Professor ::sniff:: Dumbledore. He was a great man, and we all shall miss him. His funeral service will be held tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. All classes are now cancelled until the day after, effective immediately. Until a new Headmaster or Headmistress is found, I will be acting as Headmistress. We are all sorry that Professor Dumbledore is gone."

Harry Potter, Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley, sitting in the Potions Dungeon, all had tears streaming down their faces. Headmaster Dumbledore had been so kind and friendly to them, especially Harry. Harry was feeling the most grief of all the students at Hogwarts.

Potions was let out by a somber Snape and the trio walked to the common room. They didn't speak.

* * *

After three hours of sitting by the fire, not speaking to anyone, Harry was startled when Professor McGonagall walked into the common room and handed him a note. She walked away.

Harry looked at the note, disinterested. Then he recognized the loopy handwriting of Professor Dumbledore. Wondering, he started to read. The note said this:

Dear Harry,

You will get this after I am gone from this world. I'm writing this because I know I am not going to live and you need to know some things.

First of all, do not grieve my mourning. I do not, and I am the one leaving. Be strong. You were always so very strong.

Second of all, you've asked me why Voldemort came after you and your father. You said Voldemort told you in the Chamber of secrets that she didn't need to die. I always told you that when the time came, you would know.

Well, the time never came, and you should know.

Voldemort came after you and your father because the Potters have always been very strong wizards. There was a prophecy that the 100th Potter would be the strongest of all, and would rise to power in his 20th year. When he did that, he would defeat the Dark Lord and rid the wizarding world of Dark Wizards. Harry, you are the 100th Potter.

Rise to your destiny.

Be strong.

And remember, to the well organized mind, death is but the next great adventure.

See you in the next world.

-Professor Dumbledore

Harry, tears streaming down his face, stood up and smiled, ready to face his destiny.

Author's note: This is longer than my usual stories, and I think it's my favorite. Tell me what you think. Do you like it? And don't ask for sequels! I won't write any!

End
file.